nue at Ninety-third street, is to make from it a scene to serve in the first act of "Mc-Kenna's Fliristion."

Jank-Hoe, unaffected by his accident, is

HIS CASE LIKE BANKER BROWN'S.

Dr. Lane's Extenordinary Wanderings, for

Which He Could Never Account.

The case of E. T. Brown, the Wichita man

who disappeared for five months and on his

returning could give no account of himself,

is not without precedent in the State of Kan

sas. In the Summer of 1869 a little town

named Elston, in Labette County, Kan., was

laid out, and an acrimonious dispute, ter-

minating in litigation, resulted between the

Dr. J. H. Lane, of Wyandotte, was then

practising medicine at Elston, and was one

of the prime movers in the case. One night

Dr. Lane lay asleep in his office, when two

men came to the door and rapped and sum

men came to the door and rapped and summoned him to go to a ratient, a child whom the doctor had been treating, and who, they said, was worse. A lamp in the office was burning low. The men opened the door and a puff of wind blew out the light. Dr. Lane asked the men to close the door so that he might relight the lamp. They did so, The doctor turned to the wall to scratch a match.

match. A nementary sensation of intense brightness flashed over the doctor's senses, everything around him seemed to collapse, and he lost all consciousness.

When he recovered he found himself upon

peared.

He sailed to recognize any feature of the Isadscape. When he fell to the floor in his office at Elaton he had had \$5 in currency on

"Kansaa?" he asked, and his manner mus

He learned that the passenger-trains did not stop there, and he managed to get to the next station. There he borrowed \$10, giving his

original owners and the Town Company.

(From the Deaver Republican 1.

again at the Union Square.

THE BOXERS AND ATHLETES.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD OF SPORTS.

Suilivan and Jackson Have Left the Cire and Pogillam Is Quiet-Matt Clune Talks of His Mississippi Trip-Interest Centred to the Coming Dempsey - La Blanche Fight-Moran and Kelly Matched.

The big champion has come and gone, and natters pugilistic are quiet. This is especially so since the "antipodean wonder" ,leaves us o-day for "Merrie England." John L. left or Boston yesterday, and will return in two weeks. Jackson will soon be in Loudon to ry conclusions with Jem Smith and Slavin. his old pupil.

Mr. Matt Clune, proprietor of the Vanderhilt Hotel, who accompanied Sullivan on his up to Mississippi, was interviewed regarding his trip with the champion to Purvis.

"We were well treated by the people at Purvis," said Mr. Clune, "and, as far as they are concerned, we were accorded equal justice; but the Court (Terrill) over-ruled the Grand Jury and recharged them, ontrary to law and custom."
"Who was the principal witness?" asked

be reporter.
"One Robinson," answered Mr. Clune. "He is a deaf mute and the Mayor of Purvis, and yet he swore that he heard Sullivan tell Johnston to take \$1,000 bet with Kilrain. All the citizens of Purvis signed a petition to the the citizens of Purvis signed a petition to the Court to fine Sullivan #1.(0) and not imprison him. We were hospitably treated and we expect the Supreme Court of Mississippi to give us fair play. We shall employ the Hon. Roger A. Fryor to argue our cause before the Supreme Court, satisfied that he will expound the law and show his countrymen our rights under the State and the United States constitutions."

A life-size picture of Sullivan, in full ring costume, was put up in the Vanderbilt Hotel cale yesterday afternoon. It is by Ben Drehau, and is very true to life. Mr. Clune may retain the pertrait or raffle it for the enefit of the artist.

Great interest centres here on the result of the coming fight between Dempsey and Le Blanche, at the California Club rooms, Aug. 7. The Nonpareil's friends are confident of victory, and Le Blanche's admirers think that a Queensberry contest will give the Marine an advantage, for the reason that he is a more impetuous fighter than bempeev. But our Jack never rushes a fight in the first round, and his backers are eager wager that he will beat Le Blanche at the nish, just as he did in the long and bloody attle at Larehmont, three years ago.

Chappie Moran and Temmy Kelly, the Harlem spider, were to have been matched yesterd y, but Kelly did not respond when wanted, though it is known be will fight at my time when wanted.

Lost His Hand Without Knowing It.

Early Wednesday morning Officer Wells, of Lunn, discovered a man coming down the oston and Maine Railroad from the direction ! West Lynn. The man appeared very jolly nd entirely oblivious of the fact that he had b eeding s ump of his right arm, his hand having been severed a love the wrist. The man was leaving a trail of blood to mark his curse. On investigation i a peared that the man had lai down to sleep with his right arm across the track, and when at daylight a reight train was tacked down its wheels cu his hand off as cleanly as though with a knife. The man's nerves in the arm were perfectly numb, and he did not realize what happened to him until his attention was called to it. He had been drinking, but did not appear to He had been drinking, but did not appear to be drunk. He gave his name as William Cable, of Hartford, Conn. Christopher Gaff-ney saw Cable coming through the freight yard singing. His hand was gone then.

Miss Cleve'and's Pup.

It is said of Rose Elizabeth Cleveland that she detests jokes. We remember distinctly that Miss Rose Elizabeth once said in reply to a Kentuckian's question as to where the Covelands halled from that they 'hailed' from Buffalo but "reigned" in Washington. The author of that Judas Spree cannot afford drop from exhaustion along the literary high

The Last Pair. Prom America.]

Miss Bluffins-I want a pair of slippers. Two and a half is my size. Clerk-What! Two and a half?

"I believe I spoke distinctly, two and a half." (The clerk seizes a pair of slippers and a blue pencil and retires to the rear of the store. Presently he returns.)
"Here you are, Miss: two and a half, extra

narrow."
Miss B, tries on the slippers and accepts them. After her exit the clerk says to the proprietor: "You had better order some of those No. 5 Bs. I just sold the last pair."

PARACHUTIST TOM BALDWIN.

An American Aeronaut Who Has Jumped into Fame on Two Continents. Promithe Quincy (111.) Whig. 1

Prof. Thomas F. Baldwin, the worldfamous aeronaut, and his wife, returned to their home in this city yesterday morning. Prof. Baldwin has been absent from Quincy fifteen months and during that time has travelled 50,000 miles. He has shown throughout Europe, and has established a reputation as the greatest and most successful aeronaut in the world. In Australia, New Zealand, the tropical islands, in distant India and Arabia his reputation had preceded him and everywhere on his trip of more than 20,000 miles out from England he was received with distinguished honors. The plain, retiring Tom Badwin who left Quiney last year to visit England, unbersided and unknown on the other side of the Atlantic, is now an honorary member of leading scientific societies and associations of England, France and Germauy, and comes home with substantial evidence of the fact that he is recognized throughout Europe as the greatest living acrosant. Baldwin's parachute has been adopted by the War Deparment of Great Britain, and Baldwin himself declined a high commistropical islands, in distant India and Arabia

the War Department of Great Eritain, and Baldwin himself declined a high commission in the English Army. In the height of his success, with demands pouring in upon him from every quarter, he has retired permanently from his perious profession and will hereafter live quietly in Quincy. He will devote his time largely to further investigations of aeronautics, having two or three matters concerning ballooning of the highest scientific importance now in hand, but he has given up the perachute business. His trip abroad has been remarkably successful. He has made more than one hundred jumps from a free been remarkably successful. He has made more than one hundred jumps from a free balloon without meeting with the slightest accident of any kind. His largest receipts from a single ascension were \$4,200, and he has repeatedly appeared before audiences of more than 100,000 people. He is still the same courteous, retiring Tom Baldwin whom everybody in Quincy used to be glad to welcome, and aside from several rare diamonds and considerable English clothes has changed

and considerable English clothes has changed but little since he left here. Prof. Baldwin sailed from New York for London in May, 1888. On his arrival in London he arranged for a series of jumps at Alexandra Palace, a place of amusement cov-ering many acres, one of the most popular in Eugland. When the announcements ap-peared that Baldwin would jump from a balloon with a parachute the authorities pro-nounced the attempt suicidal and took meas-ures to prevent the exhibition. The aeronaut appeared before the Government officials and convinced them that he proposed to give a scientific exhibition of more than ordinary importance, finally gaining the permission to make a single jump. The latpermission to make a single jump. The lat-ter part of June the first ascense in was made in the presence of a vast concourse of people, over 1.200 newspaper representatives being in attendance. Old London journalists pro-nounced this the largest gathering of newspaper reporters, ar ists and correspondents they had ever known. The ascension and jump were wonderfully successful, and Bald-win's reputation in England was established. The newspapers contained whole pages about his thrilling exhibition with various illustra-

For months he was the great attraction.

Nothing like it had ever before been witnothing like it had ever before been wit-nessed, and never before had a man, single-banded and depending solely on the merits of his enterprise, so fully captured the great public. A special exhibition was given for the royal family, and Baldwin was presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales, to carls, dukes and lords without number. He remained in England until last November, making two jumps each week at Alexander Palace and from two to four additional jumps in the provinces. He was elected an honor-ary member of the British Ralloon Society. ary member of the British Halloon Society, and was presented with the first and only gold medal over awarded by this society. In all Baldwin made ninety-eight jumps in Eng-

and. In November last Baldwin sailed for Aus In November last Baldwin sailed for Austrain, a vivage of seven weeks. He made two jumps in Sidney and two in Melbourne. In New Zealand he made eight jumps and then returned to Australia, sailing from Sidney for Cevion. The return trip was for pleasure and the route chosen was to Aden in Austria, up through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal to the Mediterranean; thence to Sicily, Italy, Venice, Rome and across the Alus to France and thence to London, where he arrived May 15.

he arrived May 15.

Baldwin resumed his ascensions at Alexandra Palace in June, making fourteen jumps, when he decided to retire from the

In all his travels Prof. Baldwin was accompanied by his wife, who enjoyed her trip over two thirds of the world fully as much as did her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin bring back with them many valuable gits. He has a diamond ring and a diamond pin, a gold watch and chain, three costly self-registering water and clash, there costy sett-registering barometers, besides minor tokens of as preciation. Mrs. Baldwin was presented with diamond car-drops among other costly pre-ents. They propose to make their home in Quincy bereafter, and will add to their already extended circle of friends and acquaintances as he years roll by.

A Cheap Property.

[From Drake's Magazine.]
Bones—Say, Jones, best chance you ever saw! A piece of property absolutely free! Jones—now? What? Where? Bones (pointing to evangelist distributing issionary literature)-Over there; a tract of

NEWS AND GOSSIP FOR ACTORS AND

OF BOX OFFICE AND STAGE

THEATRE-GOERS. Joe Wheelock Decides for "The Spider" Web"-"The Love Story" to Go on the Rend-Maurice Barrymere's Fine New Part in "Lord Dunmersey"-A Bet Won on Little Freddy's Appearance at the

Joseph Wheelock-lucky Joe, as he is now called by those who remember him in the years gone by-has been entaged by Manager Harry Hamlin, of Chicago, to crea'e the leading part in "The Spider's Web," It was generally thought that Wheelock was to appear in "Fernelific" at the Union Square Theatre. In fact, he figured as an advertisement of that attraction. He says, however, that the part was left with him to read. He read it, and didn't see himself in it at all. Before he had time to decline it, and without his knowledge, he found himself advertised as a member of the "Fernolifie" cast. It is now positively decided that he goes with "The Spider's Web." Wheelock is a very The Spider's Web." Wheelock is a very independent fellow. He has money, and ian't too subservient to managers. Consequently they run after him. His work in poor Mrs. Fiske's play. "Philip Herne." will be remembered. Haworth was the star, but Wheelock cast him into the shade.

This comes to the office, with a request to

william B. Alexander, for the pest six "William B. Alexander, for the peat six years leading man of the Chanfrau combination, has recently made several deals in suburban real estate, and has become so much interested in that form of speculation that his return to the stage is indefinite."

This is a horrible blow. Cruel, cruel William! We are jealous, deeply jealous of the suburban real estate that claims you.

Mason Mitchell will be the star in Mason Mitchell will be the star in "The Fugitive." which opens its season at Utica. Aug. 29. Mr. Mitchell will be supported by William H. Griffith, James F. Havan, Harry Rogers, Frank Bates, Luke Johnson, Henry Napier, Harry Stevens, Harry Peck, Mi-s Annie Lockhart, Miss Marion Keith, Miss Lois Arnold and Kate Toucray. Thirty-six weeks have been booked for "The Fugitive." Harry W. Sewall will be manager.

Miss Charlotte Thompson is again to brave the vicissitudes of the actual life. She is to "tour" with "Impulse" and "Jane Eyre," beginning next month in Kansas.

Miss Hattie Russell and Mrs. Oliver Byron, the sister of Mr s Ada Rehan, are summer-ing at Long Branch. There is plenty of six-terly affection between Miss Russel and Mrs. Byron, but Danie Gossip has it that the ladies are not too fond of the successful Ada.

The Batche'or sisters, (wouldn't old maid sisters sound horrible?), Nellie Sennett and Edi h Macklin, four London Gayely dancers, engaged for the spectacle "Kajanka," Miss Edith Craske, and the Donizetn family of strokets have been sent accounted. a robats have just arrived from Europe Rajauka" will first be seen in this city a

Mrs. Fernandez bet \$100 to the \$10 of Mr. Ted Marks that Gerry wouldn't perm t the child in herrmann's transatiantic vandevitie company to do all that he was programmed to do. Mrs. Fernandez is now dunning Mr. Teddy.

"The Love Story" is really to tour the country with Miss Adelaide Moore as the star. Already the road company is being selected.

Ernest Sterner has just returned from St John, where he stare-managed the stock company that favored the town for the Sum-mer. Mr. Sterner played eighteen par a. H.s Uriah Heep in "Little Em.ly" was much praised.

A very excellent portrait of Maurice Barry more adorns the cover of "Lord Dun mersey." the novel by Leander Richardson mersey." the novel by Leander Richardson, just issued by John Delay, in a dramatization of which Barrymore is to star this season.

'Lord Dunmersey' is a powerfully written book, bustling with epigrams, and is a sort of 'As in a Looking Glass," with a male Lena Despard. The hero is Jack Poinsett, who visits America as Lord Dunmersey, the title being thrust upen him without any deliberate attempt on his part to assume it. He meets with some very lively adventures, and being a thorough blacking and as unprincipled as it is possible to be unhanged, he makes the most home cautionsiy. He had a confused idea possion most in that some great crime had been committed an it that he might be implicated in it. He had been gone about three months.

To this day Dr. Lane annot explain his strange journey from Elston, Kan, to Franklin County, Missouri, which is about three hundred and fifty miles in a direct line. How he travelled it Dr. Lane does not know. Two not his creamware as the research of the control of and as unprincipled as it is pos-sible to be unhanged, he makes the most of them. While in America he meets an old female "pal," Milly Bashford, who is also masquerading in America as a member of the nobility. She recognizes him and achieves his run. He has fatten in love with a young girl, and the ennotling influence of the pas-sion has induced him to resolve to mend his ways. His intentions are frustrated by Milly Bashford, who—but why reveal the piot of a most readable book? The end of Lord Dun-mersey is admirably described. The role must have been insuired by Barrymore's pos-sibilities. It will fit him like a glove. sirl, and the ennobling influence of the passion has induced him to resolve to mend his ways. His intentions are frustrated by Milly Bashford, who—but why reveal the piot of a most readable book? The end of Lord Dunmersey is admirably described. The role must have been insuited by Barrymore's possibilities. It will fit him like a glove.

An excellent performance of "Lord Chumley" was given at the Lyceum Theatre last night by E. H. Sothern and company. There were one or two changes in the cast, but the

COMIC CRUMBS OF COMFORT

performance went on as smoothly as ever. C. B. Bishop was Adam Butterworth, Miss Charlotte Tittell, the heroine; Miss Kate Pattison, Lady Adeline Barker, and T. C. Valentine the burglar, Miss Anne O'Neill, as Jessic Deane, looked very pretty. FLASHES OF MERRIMENT GLEANED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES. Barry and Fay are to have "scenic accessories." An artist who secured a photograph of a picturesque bit of rock that formerly stretched across what is now Lexington ave-

Draw Port I



City Nephew-What in thunder are you standing in that water for, uncle? Uncle Enoch-I'm soakin' th' blackin' off my old cowhid s, so as ter make 'em look like them yaller shoes you city folks wear.

He! He! [From Town Topics.]

All she prays for in this world is to catch a husband. Josie—Yes, even when she laughs she can't help saying "He!" he!" he!" Poor Creature.

A .- How is your pretty cousin coming on? B. -I regret to say that her chances in life

Great heavens! Is she so dangerously "She is not ill at all. Her chances in life are slim, because she is engaged to be mar-ried to a dude."

the floor, face downward. He arose and went to the door. A strange feeling pervaded him. He mounted his horse, which was picketed near the door, and role off. Consciousness descried him somewhere as he was leaving Elston. The last he remembered was a vague idea of taking refuge at the house of a riend living in the country. When Dr. Lame next regained consciousness a heavy (From the Yankes Blade 1 Tom (angrily)-Did you hear Dick call me fool?

Lane next regained consciousness a heavy thunder-storm was in progress. He had been lying asleep under a large tree, with his head reating on a satchel. The rain had poured in torrents and lie was drenched to the skin and muddy. Gathering his senses he tried to recall the events of the preceding in ght, and he walked along to see if he could recognize the place where he was. Everything was unfamiliar. His horse had disappeared. compliment,
''Ab, what did he say?"
''He said you were not the only fool in the

[From the Dansville Breeze.] "Can your dog do any tricks, can you nake him sit up ?"

"Don't have to make him. He sits up till 2 o'clock every night howlin' at the moon and makin' the neight ors mad." Then the dog set up-a howl.

Equivoral.

inducance. When he left to the noor in this other at Elaton he had had \$55 in currency on his person. Of this he remembered \$80 had been in his trousers pocket and \$5 in his vest pocket. When he awake under the tree he left for the money: the \$5 alone remained. He set out to walk through the storm and soon reached a highway. At several houses he asked shelter, but was refused. Finally he found a place to stop in a shed near the cabin of some negrees. There he lay down, feeling strangely exhausted and fell fast askeep. When he awakes in the morning he heard the colored people talking about the Fourth of July. The manner in which they talked puzzled him, and when he emerged from the shed he asked an old colored woman how long it was to the Fourth of July.

"It's done passed a long time ago," she said. "Augustus," said Mrs. Henpeck severely, I see a woman down in New Jersey has been convicted of being a common scold. I should like to see any brute of a man try "But you are no common scold, Maria," sponded Mr. Henpeck with a jeb. And responded Mr. Henpeck with a igh. And Mrs. Henpeck is still wondering what he

Sentence Postponed.

meant.

[From Life.] Uncle Zeb-H-ah, yo' boys. Did you stole said.
At a short distance a locomotive whistled.
"What road is that?" asked the doctor.
"De Misson P'eine," was the answer.
"What county is this?" quickly asked the mystified doctor. He was told it was Frankdat watabmillian from Squar Wigginses? Boys-Yas, we did.

Uncle Zeb-Well, if er ebbah ketch yo's tealin' fum Squar Wigg:nses agin l'il-but dis am good an' ripe. De co'rt 's abjourned fer de 'casion.

Consentulated Him.

"Kanses" he asked, and his manner must have shown great agitation, for the old colored woman hardly waited to tell him "No, Missouri," before she tacked away from him and screamed that the white man was crazy.

Dr. Lane immediately left the house and went to the railroad track, intending to walk home. He dragged wearily along for a day and then found himself so weak that he was compelled to stop at a fuel station—Mount Hecla—intending to take passage on the cars. He learned that the passanger-trains did not [From the Arkaneau Traveller.] In New York. A number of enthusiastic men rush to the cell of a condemned crimi-

nal. "My dear sir!" exclaimed the leader of the

party." let us congratulate you."

The criminal was staggered with joyful emotion. "Am I pardoned?" he asked.
"Oh, no."
"Then why do you come to congratulate watch as security, and returned home.

When he left Els:on the watch was in his vest pocket; when he recovered under the tree he found it carefully wrapped up in his valise. How it got there he did not know.

Upon reaching Elston he approached his home cautiously. He had a confused idea

me?"
Because it has been demonstrated that our electric apparatus is sure death.

The Road to Wealth.

"Mr. Jones !" said the old millionaire.

Yes, sir," answered the private secretary. "Here are fifty begging letters. Answer them all with a refusal."

"Yes, sir."
"And you will observe that every one has two-cent stamp inclosed for reply." "Ye-, sir."
"Well, answer them on a posial."

"MANKIND."

"Mankind," Merritt and Conquest's melodrams, that was presented for the second time at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last night, is a good sensational old-timer, with the "thrillers" that used to curdle our blood years ago, and the usual conventional conflict between virtue and vice. If I were asked why "Mankind" had been revived at the present time I should succamb to a puzzier, though, with the excellent east that has been provided for the play and the very realistic scenery. I have no doubt but that

ts managers will come out ahead. Merritt and Conquest's play is not a very coherent affair. It deals with a will which seems to find its way into the pockets of nearly all the dramatis persone. This will, and the secutiar people who are presented as London types, filter them elves through seven acts, They drip into every scene, whether it be in Leice-ter Square, Ramagate, Blackfriars or in Melton's mansion.

If Merritt and Conquest had not been old recognice i melodrama purveyors, one might have been inclined to believe that " Mankind was the work of amateurs. The people in the cast follow each other upon the scenes in inartistic succession. First comes the villain, who speaks his line and exit. He is followed by the hero, who emulates his example. Then come the wronged wife, the hero ne, the tramps and the others, while just before the curtain fails the mob appears.

There is one excellent scene in "Mankind. Rosie-Just hear that Miss Scrawnie titter. It is that in which the three villains chuckle at the possession of the will, which each thinks he holds, but which, in its entirety, is held by no one of the trio. The character of Daniel Groodge, the worst of the villains, is very cleverly and Dickensonianly drawn, and it is so admirably acted by W. H. Thompson that alone it would make " Mankind " worth sceing. Mr. Thompson has never done a better piece of work. Daniel Groodge's make-up, too, is completely artistic.

S. E. Springer, as Peter Thorpley, is also to be congratulated on a capital piece of character old-man acting. He made a fitting companion picture to Mr. Thompson, and though with miscellaneous audience it is questionable whether two wicked old men can be successfully held up for appreciation, the fact remains that these two old men are cleverly drawn and por-

trayed. Harry-No; on the contrary, he paid you s Forrest Robinson, as the hero, is conventional and unoffending; Herbert Ayling, as a dudevillain, has a voice so thick that it might be cut into slices and distributed among the members of the company, one sufficing slice being left to Mr. Ayling; Miss Mariorio Bonner, as the wronged wife, who always appears in a black cloak and a red hat and an expression of agony. foes fairly well, as does Miss Maggie Holloway. The little Boswell child needs training. The scenery of "Mankind" is quite realistic and almost tanky. I can't understand why it wa that nice, wet water was not provided for the hero and heroine to swim in, though they buffet with the property waves very effectively.

> Ought to Be Above It. [From the Merchant Traceller,]

"You don't play the races any more," said Tompkins to a friend, 'No: I've gone back on that sort of a thing. I'm dead against the turi now. I'm not going to have anything more to do with the turf."

uch sentimen's are unworthy of a man who has made a study of social questions, as "How do you mean?"
"You ought to be above race prejudice."

What He Thought of It.

[From the Somerville Journal.] First Artist-Have you seen that picture of Peletre's at the exhibition? What do you think of it, anyway?

Second Artist-I think I should advise Palette to tie a pound of tea to the bottom of

A \$50.00 GOLD WATCH FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR

per week on the instalment plan. The cases in this ele-gant watch are warranted for 21 years. The movement full (15) jewelled. Only a small cash payment at first; full (15) jewelled. Only a small cash payment at livel halance can be paid in instalments of \$1 per week. As we seell more watches in one menth than most retail stores do in one year we can offer this watch or \$35,00. We also sell a Lady's Gold Watch or \$55,00 on this same plan. Remember we deliver the watch with your first payment. This is much better than waiting ten mouths in a watch club.

Please call and examine these watches, or if you will send your name and address one of our agents will call at your house at any hour you desire with samples of several stries of watches and chains. Address MUE-PHY & CO., room 14, 1100 Broedway, New York, N. Y.

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or " the same as Pearline." It's false-they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers.

Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York

PLEMING BROW. GENTLEMEN: I have taken a great many of DR. C McLane's Calebrated Liver Pills and find them to be a wonderful pill-all that you claim for them. They act like a charm in case of biliousness, sick beadache dysentery, &c. Mas. HERRY WINKLEYS Box 954.

Cure sick headsche, biliousness, liver complaint, lyapopeia, beartburn, indigestion, malaria, piumles or face and body, impure blood, &c., by using regularly Dn. C. McLank's CRIMBRATED LIVER PILLS, prepared only by Fleming Bros., Pittaburg, Pa. Price 25 cents. Sold by all draggies. Insist upon having the genuine Dn C. McLany's Liven Pills, prepared by Fleming Brow, c. Pittaburg, Pa., the market being full of mitations of the man McLany, scalled differently, but of the same pronunciation. Always make sure of the words "Floming Brow, Pittaburg, Pa., on the wrapper.

FROM MONTANA.

STORE TEETH

re frequently shiney crockery looking affairs that put ne's test non edge. But as made by us they are a thing theatif and a log forever. Prices was done to the Endlish and a log forever. Prices was done to the Endlish and Endlish Co. Dentists.

2036in ave. cor. 14th at., New Cort. Jersey City, York and Grove sta. Newark, Broad and Corte sta.

AMUSEMENTS.

1 4 TH STREET THEATRE, COR. 6TH AVE.

Maximum WED. and BAT. Elaborate production of Paul
Morrittanic O. Conquest sepastional domestic drams,

MANKIND

NEW SCIENCES, STARTLING REPROTE

OTA 250. Reserved, 350., 500., 750., \$1. \$1. \$0.

BIJOU THEATRE. Broadway, Near 20th St. MATINEEN, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, THE FIRST NOVELTY OF THE SEASON, Herrmann's Trans-Atlantique Vandevilles, The largest salaried specially stars on both beamsphers in a thoroughly high-class randerills entertainment. GALLERY 25c., RESERVED 50c., 75c., \$1, \$2.50

WORTH'S PALACE MUSEUM.

WELLIZA THE LARGEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

THE TALLIST MAN IN THE NELSON Return of OSSIFIED MAN, JONATHAN R BASE.

COSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL.

GRAND WUCCESS.

BANDITTI and MONTE CRISTO, JR

THE BARE—
the world's greatest and funniset primage.

MATINEES MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY.

MANHATTAN HEACH MORKEOUN PROTOSTER CHANGE TO SERVE THE TOTAL THE TOTAL TOTAL

CASINO BRIGANDS
Continuous Roof Garden Concert, 7, 30 to 12
Admission 50 cents, including both entertainments. UNION SQUARE THEATRE J.M. HILL, MANAGOW YANK-HOE and OMENE, WONDERFUL JAPANESE ILLESIONISE, EVENT EVENING AND SATURDAY MATTHEW.

H. C. MINER'S PEOPLE'S THEATRE.
Aug. 10—One week. Wed. and Sas. Mattnee
MISS MAI ESTELLE.
In the New Romanic Drama in Five Acts of
MYNTLE FERNS. TONY TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE Glorious Success, TANNEHILL'S BRIC-A-BRAC, STANDING ROOM ONLY. 5 MISS ADELAIDE MOORE

Neat Week, Daff Opera Co., in PAOLA
WINDSOR THEATRE, Bovery, near Canal,
One Week, commencing Monday, Aug. 19,
The Great London success,
A HOOP OF GOLD,
A success from Mains to California. BROADWAY THEATRE, CORNER 618T ST. HANDIS WILSON | 15th | THE OOLAH PALMER'S THEATRE, Broadway & 30th se, MCCAULL OPER CLOVER! OPER COMPANY.

M ADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

Evening at R. 30. Faturday Matthew at 2.

Rate Clariton.

Chas. A. Stevenson. | BOOTLES'S BABY. NIBLO'S RESERVED SEATS. 50c. KIRALFY'S ANTIOPE.

H. R. JACOBS' THURD AVE THEATRE,
KENNEDY WILLIAMS

AND MAGEE

ANG. 26-IN THE RANKS.

WILL TELL Last sea on Battle of Phonograph, on Now, if Even LYGEUM THEATRES. ATH AVE AND STREET
F H: SSTHERN | AB | LORD CHUMLES

TIERRACE GARDEN, 58th st., near 3d ave...To-night, by request, MERRY WAR. Thursday, THE EAT, with MRS. SELMA KRONOLD. SULLIVAN & KILRAIN EDEN MÜSEE

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS.

BROOKLYN AMUSEMENTS

H. R. JACORS' BROOKLYN THEATRE,
Corner Washington and Johnson streets,
GRAND REOPENING ATTRACTION.

MONDAY, Aug. 28th, the Brooklyn Theears will insaugurate its season with the picturesque and romantic nuntreal drams,
HAKHOR LIGHTS,
Beautiful Scenery-Grant Transformation Scenes,
Matiness-Monday, Wednesslay and Saturday,
PRICES-Mat., 10, 20, 30. Evgs. 10, 20, 30, 56,
ZIPP'S CANINO.

ZIPP'S CANINO.

BE-OPENING,
Monday Westersta,
Mabel Hudson, Jennie Forrest and Kirchmer's Orchestra.

A Bad Oversight, [From Life.]

"There, I've forgotten my medicine." "Well, you want to be careful, first thing you know you'll be getting well."

LUCY.

Author of "Patty," "At the Red Glove," &c.

CHAPTER I. There had been mist all day. It had com-

pletely enwrapped the farm-house, the pigyard and other dependencies; it brooded with impenetrable thickness over the outlying waste that girdled Low Edge. In the morning the mist had not brought with it the the silence that is its usual attendant; there had been a faint strange sound as though a moving cloud of unseen insects filled the air and incessantly jostled their fellows. This sound had ceased and the mist had lessened. At three o'clock Lucy Somery, peering through a corner free from the ice glazing which obscured the other panes of glass, saw

the white yoil. In the border between the window and the oak fence in front the shrubs and bushes just now they looked very sleepily at his Were silver white, and when she crossed the from and looked out of the window at the end, Lucy saw that the tall elms outside the farm-yard were as beautiful as the shrubs were; so was every tile on the roofs of the byre and the sheds, and also of the big barn in the pig-yard beyond. The veiled sun was know." having a struggle with the remaining mist; how and then a gleam got free and indicated that before long the sun might hold his own

against the misty veil. The red ball looked as if he felt the cold; wisred the fire on the open hearth; then she trifle stiffly, but sitting as she did now, still,

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

went to a box below the sideboard, and, tak ing up a log, cast it on the fire. 'Eh, what? What is it, my less? A pro digious yawn," and then Farmer Somery sat

upright and looked about him.

He was a tall man, but his neck was short. and therefore his fresh-colored face, with its framing of black hair, only here and there touched with gray, seemed, as he sat, to sink forward on his chest. He had broad shoulders and strong hands, and yet his face gave an impression of weakness. His lips looked as if they must part in a smile, and his dark anelymarked eyebrows had so little a habit of frowning that not so much as a line the fine work that had been going on under showed between them, nor were there decided creases near the corners of his lips. His eyes were dark and long and bright

> daughter. "What is it?" he asked again.

Lucy smiled. "I only put a log on the fire, and it waked you. As you are awake, father, perhaps you'll tell me what it is you want me to

She seated herself on the wooden settle beside the hearth, and the flame, which had helped to lick the dry wood with long caress. ing tongues, shone on her red hair and fair face and on the folds of her blue stuff gown. Lucy shivered, and turning from the window | Lucy was very tall: she moved perhaps :

grand woman. A young Juno, with her broad white forehead and blue kindling eyes; eyes that seemed to contradict her cold man-

lass. It's just this, Lucy "-he fingered one of his waistcoat buttons and looked away from her. "Where did you learn that trick of staring, child?" he said uneasily. "Was I staring?" She looked into the fire, thereby bringing a fresh glow over her

"Eh, yes; no fear but I'll tell you that,

wave of ruddy bair. Perhaps to keep herself from turning round, she held one of her long, slender hands so near the blaze that the red showed through her pointed fingers. Henry Somery seemed rolleved, He crossed one gray-clothed leg over the other and put his hand on the upraised knee.

"Well, lass, it is soon said, Can you manage without Peggy? I'm not sure that- " he hesitated and once more fingered his waistcoat button, " that we have any call to a help at Low Edge." Lucy was still looking into the fire, and to all appearance she saw something pleasant in

that curved her lips made them lovely, but she did not let her father share this loyful feeling; she beut still closer over the hand she was tousting.

"Well?" he said impatiently. "you're not taking it to heart, child, are you? It mayn't be for long, and I'll take all off you heart. "You are something like a friend, John Loap."

it. Gladness shone in her eyes and the smile

Lucy got up abruptly, but she did not turn 'I'm very glad, father, " she said, as if she was in a hurry to get her words out. "Peggy's been more than tiresome lately, and Walter will do all that's hard for me without grudg-Farmer Somery uncrossed his legs, sat up-

notice her departure.

The long farm-house parlor had once been divided into two, for there was another oak door near the 'armer's chair. This door notice her departure. door near the farmer's chair. This door opened in a minute or two and a man came in, bringing a blast of cold air from the entrance passage, his hearty manner and kindly expression seeming to protect against the

A happy New Year to you, neighbor."

He shook lands with Somery, who advanced a step to meet him.
"Better late than never, but I'm only now home again. I've done as I said. I've been to Lenden since I saw you."
"Eh, have you so?" Somery smiled un-easily. There was a timid, expecting look in

Yes;" the visitor spoke cheerfully, as he seated himself and pulled a huge over-filled pocketbook from the front of his greateout. "I have had the papers made out, and I've got the needful. Your signature is all that is

checked himself and looked timidly over his shoulder.

"Lucy, child, here's Mr. Rogers. Why, where's the lass gone? She was here a min-

ute ago."
Rogers turned to the further window. Lucy was crossing the yard. The grave-faced, sturdy-looking man sighed as he watched her; then he came back to his seat opposite the farmer.

Miss Somery has just crossed the yard in

and in a listening attitude, she looked a you need help, mind, I'm ready to give it, skin and brown hair. Still he was more revon need help, mind, I'm ready to give it, Lucy."

She moved forward to the end of the room that looked on the farm yard, behind Mr. Somery's chair. She paused and gazed out of the window again in a hislest undecided way; her arms hung limply beside her, and her head was bent forward.

All at three size raised it, listening to a sound outside: a horse was coming up the road; it stopped, and Lucy instantly opened the oak door at the end of the room and slipped out so quietly that her father did not notice her departure.

**Skin and brown hair. Still he was more remarkable looking than Somery, from the strength and decision of his expression. When the signature had been duly executed Somery pushed away the papers and then got Peggy and Dick, who had been called in as witnesses.

"I wish I could do something for you, Boyens," he said.

John Rogers flushed. He opened his mouth and then tightly closed his lips to check the first words that had come. He frowned a little, then—

"You can do something for me, but you

"You can do something for me, but you will not like to do it. Somery."
"Well?" said the other.
"It's the old grievence—that boy, Walter Player. If you'll let me do it I'll find him a

good place, where he'll get looked after and well paid."
"Ah!" Somery sighed and looked uneasy:

"Ah!" Somery sighed and looked uneasy:
"you see I took him as a charge—poor
Townsend asked it of me."
"I've told you before," Rogers said impatiently, "in your place I would not have
accepted such a charge. The man died before his letter reached you. There had been
no pledge given on your side—even if it were
your friend's son I could understand it; but
the son of his cousin, a fellow you know
nothing about! You must excuse me, but it
is a Quivotic piece of folly."

hotting about! I on must escuse me, but it is a Quisotic piece of folly."

He spoke roughly and turned again to the window. Perhaps he did not care to have his looks noticed while he said:

"He's no fit companion for Miss Lucy; he's a handsome loater, that's what he is." Somers smiled and closed his eyes, but he looked grave again when his friend turned round to the table.

"Where did you think of placing the lad,

Rogers?" In A Rogers?"

'In Australia, with a man I've known from a boy. He'd get plenty of work, pienty of food, and thirty abilings a week. It would be the making of the fellow," Rogers arrawered roughly. answered roughly.

CHAPTER II.

Farmer Somery uncrossed his legs, sat upright, and looked more decided than he could have been expected to look.

"No lass, not that; I'll do it myself. I don't care to put more on Walter. The lad has plenty to do if he does it thoroughly. Somery looked at him. There was a sharp Maybe he's too fond of indoor jobs, for he's not learned much in six months of what he's tept to do." He suddenly changed his too one of apology, though Lucy had stood still without so much as turning her head.

"There, I don't want to blame him, but if the came back to his seat opposite the farmer.

"Miss Somery has just crossed the yard in her hat and cleak."

"Miss Somery has just crossed the yard in her hat and cleak."

"Miss Somery has just crossed the yard in her hat and cleak."

Somery looked at him. There was a sharp contrast between the two faces. Lucy's father had married young, but he was loder than John Hogers and he was handsomer.

The younger man had good features, but his eyes, though large and thoughful, were of two light a grey to suit well with his dark.

"Lucy's pale face had become rosy in the large large and the could find in front of the long barn. The pond in the pig-yard was frozen over,

"Walter," she said in a loud voice, " are A lad ame out so quickly that she started back in surprise.

cold nipping air, and this tint deepened

when she reached the half-open barn door.

"I thought you were at the further end," she laughed, and then they stood looking at one another. Walter was hardly any taller than she was, and in some vays he was very like her, though his hair was yellow and shining instead of being dark red, and his fair skin was more sunou:nt; but his eyes were as blue as Miss Somery's were. Looking at the two, it seemed that she ought to have been the man, and Walter the woman, he looked so weak and gentle, while she looked calm and strong. When Lucy stoke, how-

ever, she seemed shy of her companion. "Will you please go and see who has come?" she said; "he came on horseback, so you can tell without going in; I think it is Mr. Rogers."
Walter's handsome face became sulky. He

moved slowly across the yard; then he came back. You want to know, I suppose, so that you may go in and see him?"
The girl looked sorrow.ul at his mocking tone. That is not likely, and you know it; I came

Walter smiled; he drew nearer, but she willer said the drew bears, but all turned away.

"Tlease make haste," she said: "I have to go and see Mrs. Jakes, it will be dark directly."

He crossed the pig-yard, and opening the gate, went through the farm-yard to the house.

bere

Lucy did not wait for his return. It occurred to her that Mr. togers night come out by the back way to look for her, and she passed out into the lane, which took a sudden bend towards the village in the opposite direction from the pig-vard.

Mrs. Jakes's cottage was up a turning on the control of the course of th

snowdrops already peoped through the brown moud of the garden, and between window and door the wall glowed with scarlet berries.

Mrs. Jakes had been an humble friend of Mrs. Somery's, and Lucy often went to see her and listen to her stories.

the left. It had only three rooms, but it lo ked near; the green spikes of crocus and

To-day the patient-faced old woman felt that her visitor was absorbed by some thoughts of her own, and she was too sym-pathetic to go on with her talk. bbe peered into the girl's face.

'Are you well, dear, or is there something

troubling you?" Lucy smiled. Lucy smiled.

No. off, no; I'm afraid I have been dull.

Well. I'll make up for it next time; it is getting dark, and you know father can't bear
me to be out late, he's so careful of me."
She ke sent the old woman, and, then nodding back at her, she walked quickly along
the fast darkening road.

'She's a real beauty, she is." Mrs. Jakes
stood looking after the tall, straight girl as
long as she could see her. "How she do love
her ather; more's the pity he is what he is; I

her ather; more's the pity he is what he is; I wish he vas careful of her and then he would send that loaing lad about his business. Somebody will have a sad heart out of that business."
She went back to the chair by the fireside.

She went back to the chair by the freside,
"Eh!" she thought, "if her mother had
lived, that lad would have been kept outside,
and Lucy would have taken up with Mr.
Rogers and had a good home of her own.
Phebe Somery would have thought of her
child before she succored a stranger."
Mr. Somery had once said to his daughter:
"You may be mistress of Thordale, if you

please."
This evening, as she went towards home,
Lucy asked herself why this could not be, and
she could not answer herself.
'Miss Somery—Lucy—thank God, Pve

found you."
Lucy looked up and saw Mr. Rogers.
"Come back," he said, hurriedly: "your
father is ill. I've sent for Dr. Welch."
"Hi!---" She put her hand to her forefather is iii. I've sent for Dr. Weich."

'I!!—" She put her hand to her forehead. 'He was quite well wian I left him."

She went on so fast that Rogers had to hurry to overtake her.

'He seemed well when I started to ge home, and then I heard young Player shout. I put the lad on my horse, and came away to find you."

'Was father left to Peggy then?"

Lucy's voice was so caim that it puzzled.

Mr. Rogers. In the gloom he could not see how ghostly white she was.

how ghastly white she was.
''l did a l l could think of. He's on the sofa in your parlor, and he is warmly wrapped "Thank you."

She spoke gratefully, but that was all. It seemed as if she could not say another word till she had reached her father.

(Concluded to-morrows.)